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SLEEP AND DEATH.

DEATH and his brother Sleep

Moved o'er the wide world, hand in hand;
And as they pass'd, a shade of sadness deep
Fell on the sea and land.

The village bell was mute,
The bird had sunk into her grassy nest,
The stiff and wearied limbs of man and brute
Welcomed the hour of rest.

The moon, with arms milk white,
Clasped the dim ghost of what she once had been;
The stars, in their lone atmospheres of light,
Were silent and serene.

The dream-eyed angel, Sleep,
Strews with his noiseless hand the mystic balm;
On hearts that ache and sigh, on eyes that weep
It falls, a healing calm.

It wraps the cradled child,
The loving mother and the thoughtful sire;
The sick forgets his pain—of care beguiled,
All peacefully respire.

"My daily task is done!"
The angel said—"O serious brother, Death!
When morning breaks, and the all-glorious sun
Shall kindle with his breath

"The mountains and the plains—
Then living music, filled with hope and love,
From strengthened hearts that have forgot their pains
Will rise to God above!

"How they will thank me then!
What joy is ours, twin messengers of Heaven,
To do such good unseen, to mortal men!
What peace we two have given!"

In Death's dark eye there stood
A melancholy and mysterious tear—
"Ah, brother! would that I could share thy mood!
Men court thee—me they fear!

"They call me enemy,
Disturber, and destroyer of their gladness;
My presence casts a gloom on every eye,
On every heart a sadness.

"My task is also done!
To wearied souls I've given supreme repose;
A sweeter balm than slumber ever won
For human griefs and woes.

"And yet, small thanks are mine;
The living mourn, and slun me when they can;
The highest teachers, as of old, must pine
Without reward from man!"

The angel Sleep replied,
"O brother! when the eternal morn shall break,
Will not all good men thank thee that they died,
When they to bliss awake?

"Wipe thy poor hollow cheek!
'Twas God in mercy sent us—come be blithe!"
When Death smiled faintly, though he did not speak,
And whetted his old scythe. B.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF TITIAN.

THE life of Titian is probably less familiar to the general reader than that of any other artist of equal rank. His works are known rather by reputation than by personal acquaintance. Engravings cannot reproduce the magic of his color, in which lies so much of his power, and only a few of his ideal works appeal powerfully to the popular mind. It is almost impossible for an original Titian to be brought across the Atlantic, and the student must examine his works in the galleries of Paris, Dresden, Madrid, and in his own beloved Venice. Without attempting an analytic criticism of his works, a short sketch of the principal events in his life may not prove uninteresting, and may help us to understand his true position in Art.

As we trace the course of his long and fruitful career, he seems to have been born under a singularly lucky star. Noble by birth, endowed with splendid genius, surrounded by devoted friends, courted and employed by the greatest monarchs of his age, and idolized by his own countrymen, he lived to extreme old age, retaining his mental powers to a remarkable degree, and surrounded by all which is deemed honorable and brilliant in life. The early loss of his wife, the ill conduct of one of his sons, and the desolation of his last illness and sudden death amid all the horrors of a plague-smitten city, are almost the only shadows in this bright picture. Perhaps it is for this very reason that while poetry and romance have busied themselves with the touching history of the sufferings of Albert Dürer, and our hearts have been moved to grief by the premature death of Correggio, the name of Titian rather commands our admiration than wins our love.

Titian was born at Cadore, a little town on the banks of a small river, Piave, about five miles from the Alps, in the year 1477. His surname was Vecelli. St. Titian, Bishop of Odessa, belonged to this family, and from him the painter probably derived his name. He manifested a talent for painting at a very early age, and his parents afforded him every opportunity of education. Before he was eight years old he had colored an image of the Virgin with the juice of flowers. He was soon after sent to Venice, to the care of an uncle, and by him placed in the house of Sebastian Zuccati. The Zuccati were, at this time, the most celebrated masters in mosaic. He was afterward a pupil of Gentile Bellini, whom he soon forsook, however, for his greater brother, John. The *manière* of these masters was tame and labored, but exact and minute in details. The young Titian fully equalled them in their own style, but it did not satisfy his natural feeling for the grand and beauty of nature, and as soon as Giorgione offered him a hint of a bolder and freer manner, he at once accepted the new style and left his old masters.

At this early period he is said also to have engraved both on copper and wood. Among his engravings are a frieze of eight or ten prints, dated 1505, representing the triumph of faith, some landscapes etched on copper, and